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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME L. CHICAGO, OCTOBER 2, 1902. NUMBER 5

The Congress of Religion

ORGANIZED, 1894

TO UNITE in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the Congress of Religion.*

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OLD SUBSCRIBER.

UNITY

VOLUME L. THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1902. NUMBER 5

We begin this week to publish the Fourth Series of Sunday School Lessons by Mr. Sheldon of the Ethical Society of St. Louis. His course on the "Old Testament Bible Stories" which attracted wide attention and awakened active approval and dissent, are soon to appear in book form. This present course on directly ethical topics will constitute a year's work in Sunday Schools and we will be glad to make special rates to Sunday School classes desiring to use them.

A cablegram from London announces that a certain shooting party near Buda-Pesth, given in honor of a Russian Grand Duke, succeeded in wounding eight "beaters," three of them being injured by the Grand Duke himself. The "beaters" are the humble peasants whose business it is to round up the game and bring the helpless creatures within reach of the royal guns. But it does not matter much, apparently, to those "noble" hunters what game may receive their shot only so that the sport goes on unhindered.

The *City and State* for September 11 makes some wise comment upon the President's recent accident. It suggests that in the presence of such great crowds it would be well to suspend the movement of trolley cars and similar menaces to life. And while commending the practice of an occasional presidential journey to a few places where he could address all the people on non-partisan topics, it deplores the political campaigning of a President. On the former method it would be possible for the President to do much towards elevating public political ideals, but it hopes for the time when it will be beneath the dignity of the office to go on presidential stumping tours, in which legitimate hope UNITY cordially joins.

The People's Church of Chicago has promptly found a successor to Rev. Frank Crane, and Dr. Thomas is again the honored pastor Emeritus. Rev. John Merritte Driver of Red Wing, Minn., preached at McVicker's Theater last Sunday, and it seems to have been a case of love at first sight. Dr. Driver is a Methodist, a young man of about 40, a graduate of Boston University. Those who heard him join with the officers of the church in the belief that he is the right man in the right place. He comes to a great opportunity, and we trust that he brings to his task the open vision, the courage of his convictions, the qualities of leadership necessary to successfully carry on the banner which Dr. Thomas has so signally borne for so long a time. UNITY gives heartiest welcome to Dr. Driver.

Henry D. Lloyd is not so far in advance of public sentiment and will not be considered so much of a dreamer today as he was a few months ago when he says that the only solution of the coal strike and the vexed problem that it involves is to be found in public ownership. He says:

> The only committee for self-respecting Americans to join in this matter is a committee of all the citizens, to transfer the ownership of the two necessities of life concerned—employment and coal—from the hands of private self-interest to those of public self-interest. The public safety is the supreme law. If the coal mines are not in full operation and the markets, including the American army, navy, and government departments, supplied at a reasonable price by September 1—the beginning of fall—with winter only two or three months away, an emergency, industrial, military, naval, postal, social, and vital as effecting the public health, will be created that will call for emergency measures. The people ought then to rise in a committee of the whole to demand that the President call an extra session of Congress to act even to the extent of declaring martial law in the coal fields, and taking national possession of them and the railroads. No confiscation, of course, unless the mine owners give us another Shay rebellion in the mountains of Pennsylvania. But action first and compensation afterward.

The Springfield *Republican*, always so level-headed, regrets that Colonel Wright's report on the coal strike was so delayed in the publication. The report being, on the whole, favorable to the miners' side of the controversy, the conclusion most people jump at is the absence of further information is that it was suppressed at the instruction of the mining corporation. Be that as it may, this paper says:

> Labor is at a disadvantage with capital every time in these controversies, and the sooner it learns the fact and seeks to enforce an adoption of more civilized ways of settling controversies with capital the better it will be for labor. The United Mine Workers' Union has disarmed a lot of criticism in this contest by its willingness from the outset to submit its case to impartial arbitration; but such is not always the attitude of organized labor, and experience is proving that an arbitration voluntarily entered into by both parties to the dispute at the moment of its coming up is never to be relied on. There must be compulsion, and the machinery for applying it, if arbitration is to be made a certain and effective remedy. And this kind of arbitration is generally opposed by organized labor and finds little favor in the camp of capital. But the public, to whose interest that of both labor and capital must bend, is beginning seriously to consider the application of such a remedy, especially as to labor and capital employed in businesses of a more vital public moment, as coal mining, transportation and public service undertakings generally.

E. W. Ordway, secretary of the New York Anti-Imperialist League, in *City and State*, answers the newspaper rumor that "the anti-imperialists are about to suspend agitation" by saying that from his office there have recently been distributed 121,000 copies of Senator Hoar's address, 20,000 copies of Mr. Carnegie's article on "The Opportunity of the United States," 10,000 each of two pamphlets by President Schurman, and 25,000 of a pamphlet by Sixto Lopez. We read this communication of Mr. Ordway's immediately after reading an editorial in a daily paper speaking of the "defunct anti-imperialism." This article goes on to show the cause of the decease of the movement by proving that its protest has largely been heeded, that the army is being withdrawn, that humaner methods are being resorted to, that all pains is being taken to secure pacification by education, and that the islands themselves are well along on the road to self-government. Such high consummation may kill the anti-imperialist movement, but it dies into a noble

resurrection; it is transfiguration; it is mortality being clothed upon by immortality.

The comparatively small beginnings of what is destined to be a great and widespread movement was seen in the meeting at St. Paul a week or two since, of the American League for Civic Improvement. The total number of delegates was small, and the meeting, though noticed in the newspapers, made no appreciable impression upon the community in general. Yet the individuals that composed the gathering are notable for their public spirit, and their influence in the communities in which they live. It was another illustration of the fact that the best causes today are in the hands of a few devoted leaders, who need by no means despair on this account, since all the movements for good that have lasted have had the same humble beginnings. That the American people, with their growing wealth and taste, will always suffer the civic defacement and mismanagement that now spring from individual or official carelessness and self-seeking is not to be supposed. We hail this League as one harbinger of a better day in municipal organization.

We take pleasure in calling particular attention to the acknowledgements of the treasurer of the Congress of Religion published in our news column of this issue and on behalf of the officers of the Congress return thanks to the friends who thus generously lent their support. Most of these subscribers represent that faithful body guard of the Congress whose support is habitual. The treasury is still somewhat in arrears but if the old and new friends that are yet to be heard from will emulate the promptness of their associates whose names appear elsewhere the Congress will be in good shape for an aggressive campaign this season. Invitations for the holding of several local Congresses are already in the hands of the Secretary and much correspondence in the interest of a great national gathering on the Pacific Coast next spring has already taken place. Mid the clamor of denominational and sectarian classes are there not a few who would like to sustain the effort to send the notes of harmony and co-operation across the issues of sect?

The Enquirer, of London, tells of two successful object lessons accomplished at the Passmore-Edwards Settlement, of which Mrs. Humphry Ward is the inspiring center. These object lessons are a school for crippled children and a vacation school. Mrs. Ward in an article in the *Times* speaks of the triumphs in these directions in America, with approbation. In this extract from Mrs. Ward's article we have a charming glimpse of the way they do it in London.

> Here were nearly 600 children divided between house and garden, many of them from quarters quite as poor as those she had just traversed. But all was order, friendliness and enjoyment. Every child was clean and neat, though the clothes might be poor; if a boy brushed past the visitor it would be with a pleasant "Excuse me, Miss;" in the manual training-room boys looked up from the benches with glee to show the models they had made; the drawing-room of the settlement was full of little ones busy with the unfamiliar delights of brush or pencil; in the library boys were sitting hunched up over "Masterman Ready," or the ever-adored "Robinson Crusoe;" girls were deep in "Andersen's Fairy Tales," or the "Cuckoo Clock"; the little ones were reading Mr. Stead's "Books for the Bairns," or looking at pictures; outside in the garden under the trees clay modeling and kindergarten games were going on, while the sand-pit was crowded with children enjoying themselves heartily without either shouting or fighting. Meanwhile in the big hall parents were thronging in to see the musical drill, the dancing, or the acting, or to listen to the singing; the fathers as proud as the mothers that Willie was "in the Shakespeare," or Nellie "in the Gavotte." The visitor had only to watch to see that the teachers were obeyed at a word, at a glance, and that the children loved to obey. Everywhere was discipline, good temper, pleasure. And next day the school broke up with the joining of 600 voices in the old hymn, "O God, our help in ages past." Surely no contrast could be more complete.

All truly religious people must sympathize with Mr. Dharmapala in his plea for the preservation of the sacred city of the Buddhists in the Island of Ceylon. This city, Anuradhapura, is to the Buddhists what Mecca is to the Mohammedans and Jerusalem is to the Christians. This city is threatened with the destruction of its shrines at the hands of British officials. Mr. Dharmapala will be remembered by many as the gentle representative of Buddhism at the Parliament of Religions. But this destruction arouses him to vigorous statement. He appeals for sympathy and co-operation to the American people. He has addressed a communication to Joseph Chamberlain, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, in hopes that a stop might be put to what he calls "an atrocious act of vandalic diabolism." He says that "for 2200 years this city, on account of its hallowed associations, has received the homage of 500,000,000 Buddhists from all parts of Asia." He tells us further that "the Cingalese have never been savages; they have loved and do love religion more than gold. Buddhists are not fanatics neither are they savages, and it is hoped that the British government will instruct the subordinate officers in Ceylon not to create unrest in the minds of millions of Buddhists, for religion is sacred, and any attempt on the part of the British officials to desecrate the shrines will be resented by the Buddhists of the world." We have not yet seen the full text of his circular, but surely our Buddhist brother is right, and UNITY cordially joins in this petition to respect the sanctities of the human heart and to preserve the mystic shrines of religion. Progress does not consist in a destruction of the ancient landmarks, but in the consecration, enlargement and the re-dedication of the same to the new uses and the new things and the new day.

Soul Building.

Are the churches losing the old art of soul-building? They have to work under conditions highly unfavorable to that method of "line upon line, precept upon precept," which underlies all true education, whether of mind or of spirit. They can claim, under favorable circumstances, not more than an hour a week of the time of our busy men and women. What shall they offer in this hour that will most influence the rest of the week for good?

It is useless to repeat platitudes, to tell people to be good, unless you tell them also how to be good. All the world pays a decent reverence now to the principles of Christianity. But it does not see its way clear always to put these into practice. There is some excuse for that type of preaching which we call sen-

sational, in that it at least tries to lay hold of living issues and to direct attention to them. Yet it is surely a mistake to have from the pulpit a mere continuation of the kind of discussion which most intelligent people are hearing and reading continually. What men and women are really hungering for is the fresh enunciation of great principles, and their clear application to present issues.

It is so easy, in the stress of the conflict, to lose sight of the real things at stake. But the minister of religion is in a position to study life from a little distance, where he is not so much swayed by its passions, and to show others what are the broad princples which underly their actions. He can then preach straight sermons on topics of the day that will set forth anew the eternal verities of truth, justice, love as these need now to be fulfilled. This is the kind of preaching that counts. It sends the hearers out not only armed for the struggle, but inspired to begin it. It makes character, which of itself is a solution for most of our problems.

R. W. B.

The Religious Question of the Day.

Again is the wisdom of the great text, "He maketh the wrath of men to praise Him," demonstrated in this terrible strain incident to the coal strike and the coal famine that is imminent. Public sentiment is being developed very rapidly and the public conscience is being aroused. It is very encouraging to note the growing alertness, clearness and courage of the pulpit on this question. Believing that this is the most religious question now agitating the American people UNITY gives its editorial space to the preachers in Chicago who last Sunday, as reported in the daily papers, took occasion to discuss this question from the standpoint of religion.

REV. ALBERT LAZENBY, of Unity Church, speaking on the Moral of the Coal Strike, said:

Justice, forming its sentence on the conduct of the men today, is bound to take into consideration the long misery of the past.

There is this to be said for the miners: Their work is perhaps the most severe and carried on under the most painful and dangerous conditions. If any body of workingmen ought to be met with just consideration and nothing be done by their employers to make their lives harder, it is the workers in a colliery.

To play any commercial tricks for the sake of increasing dividends, to strive to get more out of the men's labor for private advantage and to their disadvantage is more iniquitous in their case than in any other.

The time has passed when the conscience of the well-to-do was satisfied by hearing that the workers have enough wages on which to avoid starvation. The time has passed when the workers themselves believed that capital had rights over their bodies and souls because it had might.

The men have now a higher sense of their duty. They owe a duty to themselves and to the future of humanity. The duty is to claim out of the wealth they make for the country enough on which to live a decent, happy life and to establish that principal for all time.

It is the most just of demands and justice is bound to grant it.

It is not only the coal owners who are bound to grant it, it is the whole body of employers throughout the length and breadth of the land.

The nation will have that demand forced upon it, and it will be obliged to find a way in which justice to its workers can be done.

All the issues of the coal strike are as much national issues as war is or the tariff or the carrying of mails, and I believe there is no way out of the difficulty in which we find ourselves—if not now then in a few years—but the assumption of all the collieries by the state.

I do not think that the question could possibly have been formulated in a more useful way than in the coal industry. Coal is a national necessity. Its working and its distribution affect the life and business of the whole community.

If a sharp winter should come this year what will be the condition in all the great cities of America, or here in Chicago, with coal at such a high price? It will be appalling.

We shall have the famine of freezing. Men, women and children will die like flies in frost, and all resources, public and private, will be totally inadequate to meet the cruel trouble to which we may look forward.

REV. DAVID BEATON, of the Lincoln Park Congregational Church, preached on a "Religious Solution of the Labor Problem."

Commissioner Wright, who offers this religious solution, says that arbitration, socialism, single tax and nationalism offer no permanent cures; the capitalist and the laborer must each recognize the man in the other. As a Christian teacher I read this to mean that the individual man is a living soul and the several rights of personality belong to him; that his citizenship, his personal standing and his economic value in the long run are determined by his character.

Now, if this is so it is but another way of saying that the aims of organized trades unionism are Christian at heart and bottom. They want a decrease of the hours of labor and an increase of wages, apparent incompatibles, and, as a consequence, the improvement of the workers. But this cannot be done, say the capitalists, for these things contradict the laws of economics; men may be politically equal, but they are not economically equal and never will be. Economic law has never yet found out a way to give the fool the wages of the wise nor the incapable the salary of the capable. The history of industry is simply the story of the expedients for evading this natural law.

On the other hand, say the Christian thinkers, the history of religion is the story of how natural and economic laws are modified and solved by moral and spiritual laws.

Religion, in a word, begins with the spiritual qualities of the man—his individuality, his brotherhood, his soulship—and ends by making his a creator of economic values. It says in the words of Jesus: "Come out of the man thou unclean spirit." And the man who was before a public charge and disgrace becomes a producer and a taxpayer.

DR. FOWLER, of the Centennial Baptist, preached on "The Life That Is Proven by Love." He said:

The greatest sin today is man's inhumanity to man. In man's selfishness lies the troubles of our times. The strikes so prevalent today find their beginning here. It makes not only the strife between the rich and the poor, between the employer and the employe, but every form of business becomes the scene of a sharp and bitter conflict. Men try to overreach and undermine each other; competitors try to force each other out of the market, and large corporations use their power to make all subservient to their purposes. Because of this conscienceless competition our life becomes restless, strenuous and complex.

The fact is competitive methods between employer and employed will not solve the labor problem, because selfishness is the motive of such efforts. Selfishness offers no solution; for no permanent peace can be built upon it, whether it be on the part of the employer who, in blasphemous cant, like Mr. Baer, claims providential supremacy, or on the part of the employe who violates the inalienable rights of every American citizen to labor by throwing brick bats at his non-union brother.

REV. WILLARD B. THORPE, of the South Congregational Church, said:

The plain fact that stares the country in the face today is that the present management of the coal industry has absolutely broken down and is proving itself incompetent to supply the public with coal. It has broken down just as completly as if it had got into a financial tangle and been unable to arrange with its creditors. In that case, however, a receiver would be appointed and the mining would go on.

At first it was simply a question between the coal managers and their employes about some complicated details. But now it has become much more than that. It is a question between the coal managers and the public. The party supremely interested is the man whose coal bin is empty and he is to be counted by the million. And the point on which attention must be focused is that the responsibility is with the managers. It is their business to provide the country with coal. It is their business to hire laborers at such terms as they can. They are trying to evade the responsibility by calling it an industrial partnership and laying the blame on the partner. But it is not a partnership. If it were profits ought to be more evenly divided.

The American people are very patient and good natured. But there is a limit, and that limit in this matter is in sight. If coal is not forthcoming within a few short weeks the Amer-

ican people will rise up and do something. If ordinary processes of law are unable to afford relief, then they will have to be swept aside and others substituted. The suggestion of something in the nature of a receivership indicates exactly the type of emergency that we need. The public is the interested party, the real and ultimate owner of those coal beds. The public is the preferred creditor, with its unfilled coal bins. When the managers of the coal supply or of any other staple industry have failed utterly for a considerable period to deliver their product there should be some authority to which the public can appeal for the appointment of a receiver who shall carry on the industry temporarily upon the best terms obtainable and in the interest of all concerned.

It is to be hoped that this strike will not be settled until it has taught us a lesson and compelled us to put into the machinery of our government something that shall recognize the fact that the coal beds and all other natural monopolies belong in the last resort to the people, and shall provide a way whereby in the hour of emergency that ownership may be made effective.

THE PULPIT.

The Vision and the Task.

A SERMON PREACHED TO UNITY CHURCH, ST. PAUL, MINN., ON SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1902.

BY RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

And while Peter thought on the vision, the Spirit said unto him, Behold, three men seek thee.

Acts x, 19.

It is impossible for me to stand here again, after the weeks in which we have been separated from one another and from this place, without saying something of the relation that we sustain to things human and divine in coming here, as we shall, on the Sundays which are to follow through the year. If one cares anything for what he is doing, and thinks at all about it, whenever he leaves his work for a length of time long enough to get altogether away from it, he invariably asks himself what it means to him and to others whom it affects; why he goes on doing it as he does; and how he can learn to do it better. There are times in all our lives when we are conscious of a certain reaction from what has been chiefly occupying our thoughts and drawing upon our energies. The faculties in constant use grow benumbed, and other sides of our nature cry out to be fed by their natural use. Then we say we are tired of everything and long to leave it. What we have been doing comes to seem of no special value in our eyes, and we feel almost as if we should be better occupied in doing something else. But rest and change steady us and bring back balance and sanity. With returning strength our muscles become eager for the familiar load, and we are not quite content until bye and bye we find ourselves carrying it once more in the old, accustomed way.

In describing my own experience I am sure I am describing yours. The benefit of vacations are not felt so much while we are enjoying them as afterwards. The stored up vigor that we have gained becomes a new clearness of sight, a new firmness of hand, a new hopefulness of spirit, that affect mightily for good whatever we may have undertaken to do. Each of us must be feeling this in his own way, if the summer has brought the refreshment that is its best contribution to the living we must do after it is past. The strain of modern life, even when we try to live it most wisely, takes so much out of us that we must needs restore it by these periods of rest. In the things of the soul, no less than in those of the body, such rest is essential to the fullest and most normal living.

But now, with the return of cooler weather, we stand face to face with our more serious tasks. It will be strange if we see them in quite the same light as before. For we are not the same as when we dropped them. To live means to grow, and to grow means to undergo change. Experience, the great teacher, has been at work upon us all. We have enjoyed and suffered some things that make us other than we were. Above all, we are rested now, while we were tired then. This is the time, with our fresh strength, which means fresh hope and courage, to set ourselves the tasks that will occupy our hands and thoughts until we rest again. Now we have, as we may not have later, the power of *vision,* to see things as they are, and our own relation to them, and the possibility of their being made over more nearly in the image of the ideal.

The vision and the task! How closely the one is related to the other always! Peter upon the housetop at Joppa has his vision of the great sheet let down from heaven, filled with clean and unclean beasts, while a voice as if from heaven bids him eat, astonishing his Jewish ears by saying, "What God hath cleansed make not thou common." Still he fails to understand, until there comes a knocking at the door below. There stand three men, the messengers of a Roman centurion, Cornelius, who would receive the gospel from him. One finds it hard to say how much there may be here of historical truth. According to the witness of Paul's epistles, Peter was among those who believed that Jesus came not for the salvation of the Gentiles, but to seek the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Now Cornelius was a Gentile. This gave the meaning to the vision. It had come to Peter, dreaming upon the housetop; but at once followed its appropriate task. It was in truth a vision of the future of Christianity. Hitherto Peter had thought of this as confined to his own race. But God had shown him on the sheet animals that the Jewish law declared unclean, and had bidden him rise and eat. No line of division was to be drawn, or anything called unclean henceforth. All men should receive the good tidings. And here, awaiting his descent from the place of vision, were men who had come to take him to a Roman who was seeking the word. The incident may not have really happened, yet it is profoundly true to experience if not to fact. No vision is complete until we are led by it to its related task. No task is rightly approached unless we go to it in the power of some vision that reveals its diviner side. Happy may we feel ourselves to be when the task is heard knocking at our door at the moment that the vision is but just fading from our eyes.

I have alluded to the respite we have taken from what especially concerns us here as an opportunity of clearing our vision for the tasks that are to follow.

If I may continue speaking for myself, the past summer has been for me a time of sober thought regarding the work that we have undertaken together. I confess that while the joy of preaching has grown with my growth and strengthened with my strength, the burden of responsibility that it involves has also weighed more heavily continually. That I should ever have been willing to stand up and declare to my fellow men the way in which they ought to live has sometimes seemed the strangest of assumptions on my part. I have been conscious of the difficulty of doing myself all that I have urged others to do. I have felt how much one's message may be weakened by his own failure to realize its full significance in his relation to others and to God.

The message itself has been the cause of much searching of heart. In the confusion of many voices in this modern time it is easy to lose the still, small voice of truth. May not one be declaring only his own hastily formed opinions when he thinks himself to be speaking the ultimate fact of things? Our opinions change with the years. We see that what seemed truth to us once was only fancy. It is not as if one still had faith in a supernatural authority that could

not err. The time for that is past with most of us. Is it, then, worth while to stand and deliver, to such as may come to hear the opinions, however carefully they have been formed, of one who after all is only too conscious of his liability to error, not alone of thought, but even of will, that may lead some soul astray? These are some of the doubts that come in hours of weariness and are not dissipated wholly by returning strength.

Nor should I be telling the whole truth were I not to add that my concern has been almost as much for you as for myself. Of all the institutions that have come down to the present time out of the past, none is being visited today with a more searching criticism than the church. A great deal of this criticism is outspoken, so that we may know the counts in the indictment, and reply to them if we can. A great deal more of it is silent, but not for that reason any the less severe. A writer upon Preaching says, referring to the fact that the preacher is in a position to hear very little direct and trustworthy criticism upon his work, that "In the absence of open criticism the preacher must learn how to interpret facts which stand for criticism. Absence is criticism; inattention is criticism; unresponsiveness is criticism; and the failure to secure appreciable results may be criticism." What is here said of the preacher will apply as forcibly to the church. The fact that so many in every community habitually absent themselves from its ministrations, pay little or no attention to what it is doing, make no response to the appeals it sends in their direction, and are apparently affected neither for good nor for evil by its existence—this is criticism of the sharpest kind upon an organization which, if it is anything, is the highest and noblest ever conceived by man.

We who care for the church because we feel the need of what it can do in our own lives are apt to look upon it chiefly in the light of the help it thus gives us. We come to its services, and there receive uplift and inspiration, it may be, which we could hardly do without. We value it, as we do so many other things in life, for what it yields us of good. We regard it, so far as we ever take conscious thought about it, as one of our privileges. We wonder, perhaps, why what is so great a privilege to us does not mean more to others whom we know. I am not so sure that we often ask whether we can do anything to make the church mean more to them. That is, we seldom think of it in the light of an opportunity. It is, of course, the minister's opportunity for doing what good he can, but that it concerns the people equally in this same way does not perhaps occur to us. It is hard to realize, when the church is being criticized, that the criticism may reflect upon ourselves. We know that a large section of every community has come to look upon churches as comprised of well-to-do, selfish and exclusive people, who do not want to be disturbed in their devotions by the burning questions of human right and social justice that are stirring in the world as never before, and who seek to be ministered to by men subservient to these limitations on their speech and action. We feel sure, however, that our principles are so good and our well-meaning so evident that we cannot be meant by those who thus scoff at the churches. Yet, if we question ourselves closely, what evidence have we to offer that we are not as other men in this respect?

These are reflections that come home with peculiar force to those of us who feel that our apprehension of things spiritual and eternal is, after all, more true and just than that of many who are worshipping around us. In this fuller knowledge and insight, if it is indeed ours, we have a great gift of God. How evident it should be, then, not only to ourselves but to others, that we have this larger vision! How much more truly ought we to make here a church of the living God, a church of good-will to men. How, in fact, can we know that we have this nobler faith unless we see it working out through our lives to others that are in some way more needy, so that we can test its power to lift and help and save the souls of our fellow men?

Having been visited by thoughts like these, it seemed well to me to share them with you, and then to try, since they are not my doubts or yours alone, but represent a very widespread mood of thoughtful people just now, to outline on this first Sunday of our reassembling the vision that calls us together and the task to which that vision leads.

The central idea of Jesus, around which we may group all his teachings, was that of a perfected humanity. It was the older Jewish conception of the kingdom of God, only more closely related to the present lives of men. In some form or other, this thought has appeared in each of the many varieties of Christian teaching that have arisen since Jesus' time. In most of these the kingdom has been taken to be, what the gospels so constantly call it, a kingdom of heaven. In the original meaning of this expression the kingdom was supposed to come down from heaven to earth, rather than to be postponed until we who live upon the earth have left it for a brighter sphere. This New Testament conception, after many centuries, seems to be coming again to rule the mind of Christendom. Whatever we may hope for hereafter, we feel bound to try for better conditions here. This, indeed, is what Christianity as Jesus himself taught it requires. It is not a magical formula by means of which we shall get into heaven. It is not a private possession, by having which we may consider ourselves better than other men. It is a principle of social action, binding the strong to the weak, the well to the sick, the just and good to those who are suffering the penalties of their folly and sin, by ties of brotherhood and sympathy and mercy which, so Jesus tells us, reach out even from the Divine heart. The purpose of the Eternal—and He has given us freedom to know and to do His will in order that we may help Him in it—is to make man in His own image. What this image is man may surmise by seeing the best that is in himself and in the race, and multiplying that by infinity.

The application in modern times of this idea of the kingdom to the problems of political and social life has given rise to the conception that we call Democracy. Christianity and Democracy—there are no greater words upon the lips of men today than these; and at heart the two are one. Both look forward to a kingdom of God upon earth, the one seeking it through a spiritual unity and the other through a material equality, of mankind. The words suggest a different history and method. Often those who profess the one are far enough in appearance from sympathizing with those who profess the other. But forces the most powerful in the human heart are bringing the two together. No man is felt to be quite a Christian today who is not doing something for the equalization of conditions that oppress and dwarf the souls no less than the bodies of men and women and little children. No man can lay claim to genuine faith in Democracy who does not see far in the future of the world a day when the sense of brotherhood will draw all men together into one family of love.

This is the vision of every company of believers that dares to name itself a church. A church is not made such by the theology it happens to profess. This is only a lame attempt to embody in language a spirit that is essentially invisible, and can only be expressed in action. Not what the people of a church profess,

but what they do, that is the simple and the final test. And yet belief is but the vision that precedes the task. The one is never to be had without the other. To see the vision and omit the task is to invite that spiritual blindness which brought from Jesus' lips such withering scorn of the Pharisees—"blind leaders of the blind," He called them. It is to miss communion with the Highest, who dwells in lowly lives that spend themselves for love, but withholds Himself from those who would enjoy without giving, who would look upon his face without striving to do His will.

The vision then is of a humanity made perfect; and the task—is it not to make more perfect the very frail humanity about us? Let me not seem to speak as though the frailty were without the church walls and not also within. No more than Peter's shall our lips name anything as common or unclean. We are all one in nature as in hope. That is the meaning of our brotherhood and of the Fatherhood in which it is contained.

The world has gained helps to faith with the coming in of science, that for so long was mistaken for the antagonist of faith; and some of these I want to name in conclusion, because they are also helps to the doing of the task that we see now before us. The first that I shall name is the idea of the universe as an organism, the second is the idea of it as a growth, and the third is the idea of it as fitted to realize an ideal. All owe their being primarily to that controlling thought of evolution which is moulding the principles of human action so completely in all the fields of learning and of practical life. Yet all are contained, implicitly at least, in the sayings of the man of Galilee. His range was not as wide, but his insight was as complete so far as it could go, as that of any modern man. He felt the common life in things ages before Darwin explained how the worm

"Mounts through all the spires of form,"

to be the man, the ruler of the earth and the gazer at the stars. He stated, in parable and sermon, the law, now known to rule from center to circumference, that all things grow together toward some perfect end. Christianity is not superseded, but enlarged by all that the mind of man has brought forth of the treasures of the world. Jesus is the most modern of teachers in the great essentials of his message. When the depths speak, as they spoke in him, there is a harmony apparent that sounds as long as life moves on in the same channels as it has of old. Yet what he taught, to be applied today, must be expressed in the forms that the present, not the past, provides.

Humanity is one; that is what the organic view implies. It is not only one within itself, but one with the life below it and above it in an unmeasured scale of being. We cannot cut ourselves off from other men. To neglect them is to neglect a part of self, and for that neglect self, soon or late, must suffer. But more than this prudential view is to be considered. We are not only brethren, in deed and in truth; we are also sons, heirs of the same Father. Can we let one another starve or steal or slave without a protest? It is a selfishness that will not go unpunished—but think how much worse to be so than to be punished for so being. An organism, in simpler term, is a body. As Paul has it, "We are members of one body. And whether one member suffereth, all the members suffereth, all the members suffer with it; or whether one member is honored, all the members rejoice with it." Christianity and Democracy mean brotherhood. And brotherhood means service, sacrifice, the laying down of life, if need be, that men and women shall be able to live the lives intended for them as the children of God.

The hope of this lies in the second fact of growth. Men do not stand still, but go forward from achievement to higher achievement, and so man is lifted by his own strength nearer to the divine. Society has profited immeasurably by the ideals that Christianity has held before men's gaze, even in the ages of its worst corruption. Redemption is a fact to be observed on the smallest as well as the largest scale. In the single life its forces may be shown at work, as they may be shown at work in the whole universe. There is a redemption which is destructive of evil, as there is a redemption which is constructive of good; and the two are one. The survival of the fittest is not the cruelty that our sympathies have perhaps led us to picture it; since death is painless to that which dies, while life is immortality to that which lives. We can create the good by simply abating the evil. We can educe the good from the soul itself, if only the surroundings can be made to act like rain and sunshine on the budding plant. Nothing is fixed in life. It is all growing upward or downward. It is for us then to train the little shoots of life that we are tending upward. There can be no failure except through our neglect. The little shoots of habit in ourselves, the little shoots of character in our children, the little shoots of civic purity in our city—they can all be sent growing upward if we are there to put our hand out when it is needed most. If we are not there to do it, we and not others, are to blame when evil follows.

Again, and lastly, things tend to grow together toward an ideal. The unity of life, the unity of mind, demand of the universe that this be true. Slowly, but surely, the great whole of things responds. It lets us improve our garden flowers, and our breeds of cattle, by proper selection. It lets us work out our own lives in the direction, at least, of the perfect life. In part, we can perceive what the end of it all is bound to be—this is the marvel of all marvels! We share this vision with our Father, or He shares it with us, to urge us on. Life is not wholly in vain. Though the world perish at the last day, perfection is the goal of whatever of immortal life it may contain. Nothing so much deserves to be immortal as the human soul. If not in this present world, then in some other, it must come full circle. All the voices within us cry this out with an insistence which seems like that of the universe itself. But here, first, we are to attempt the perfect. Here the ideal beckons. Here men are suffering, and cannot at once escape. Yet through it all rings more and more the prophecy that evil will have its end. It shall end by our working together for good—for that ideal good which struggles within us to be born, and must yet come forth in the fulness of the time.

To bind my ending to my beginning—the practical issue of my thought is that here in this church we are to be more and more faithfully fellow-workers with God—the minister no more so than the people, but all together inspiring and leading one another on. Where all are learners, each, even the child, becomes a teacher. The truth we seek is seen to reside not in our abstract thought, but in our concrete action. The finest preaching is made sounding brass and clanging cymbals unless we who hear translate it into love. There is no absolute perfection in humanity, so every one must err and learn to mend his mistakes. The service of all by each is the perfect law. Therein the vision fades into the task, while the task brightens to the vision. Going down from our worship on the height, we find seeking us out the common human needs; and while we minister, as best we may, for the first time the vision is made plain. At last the heavens open, and we stand face to face with God!

The Commercialized Conscience.

Good men do little things and large things every day in business that cannot be excused by any interpretation of ethics; and they silence the protests that a God-given conscience, not yet wholly dead, may make by saying that "In business you have to do as others do, and very little sentiment is tolerated in these days. Business is business, you know." David Harum's motto, "Do unto others as they would do unto you, and do it fust" was received by the American people as more humorous than dishonest. I am not blind to the fact that here are many, many, honest men in business, but I submit to any one of you business men that it is increasingly harder to do business on a strictly moral basis, that the temptation to practice deceit becomes ever stronger with the growing number of those who practice it. Dishonest goods are everywhere. It has come to be an unwritten law in business that every person is expected to look out for himself. We expect to be imposed upon unless we are watchful enough to prevent it.

How many of us have ever cheated a railroad company? How many have ever passed a bogus coin? How many of us have ever taken advantage of a mistake in change? I am not surprised that some people do these things (that is to be expected), but I am deeply concerned because so many people think that it is not very wong to do them. How many there are who are willing to live by the labor of others, who avoid their honest debts, who run bills without intending to pay them. The man or woman who goes into debt to the butcher or grocer and refuses to pay or make any effort to pay is no better than one who finds your purse and keeps it. The curse of our country is that so many people have porter-house tastes and neck-steak incomes; and he who goes from place to place buying porter-house on credit while knowing that he can pay for nothing better than neck is a species of robber. It is not theft? Let us call things by their right names.

But if such harsh things must be said of those who assail the property of others what shall be said of the commercial attacks upon health and morals? How shall we characterize the course of the merchant who answers the complaint of his clerk that she can not live on her little salary by insinuating that he does not expect her to live on her wages, and that she "must do as other girls do" to make up the deficiency? If the great meat combine systematically robbing the public of millions of dollars is criminal, what shall we call the feeding of the public diseased meat in sausages and beef that has been "preserved" with poisons? These charges, preferred a few days ago in a St. Louis court, may not be proven true, but those who have not forgotten the embalmed beef scandal of four years ago have no difficulty in believing them true. It is dreadful to steal the people's money, but devilish to insidiously assail their health. Not long ago it was discovered that a great deal of the milk sold in New York City had been treated with a preserving fluid that had probably caused the death of hundreds and hundreds of little babies, victims of a conscience that had been commercialized to death. Just how much of that is being done in our own city we do not know, though, doubtless, there is not a little of it.

Another chapter has lately been added to the child-labor horror in our free and enlightened country. Count Brandolini, Italian consul at Philadelphia, has found little boys of eight and ten years at work under shocking and life-destroying conditions in the glass factories in New Jersey. Mrs. Irene Ashby-McFayden says over her own name in the *American Federationist* that she found a tiny girl of five years at work in the finest cotton mill of Columbia, So. Carolina. Children "who did not know their own age were working from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m., without a moment for rest or food or a single cessation of the maddening racket of the machinery." These little things, too young to know the danger of machinery or to protect themselves against it if they did, are frequently injured. A little girl of eight had her thumb torn off just before Mrs. McFayden's visit. In one mill city a doctor told a friend that he had personally amputated more than a hundred babies' fingers mangled in the mill. Such accidents are so frequent that employees sign a contract with the firm releasing the company from all responsibility for accidents in the mill, and parents and guardians sign for their little children.

As distinguished citizens and philanthropists the Northern capitalists who own these mills contribute generously to colleges and hospitals and nurseries and fresh air funds for the poor of the New England cities; but as "business" men they employ through the indirection of superintendents and foremen little children eight, seven, six, even five years old whose thumbs are torn off and whose hands are ground up in the cruel wheels. The little souls are drugged and dwarfed and the little bodies are killed that larger dividends may be declared. The operators are Christian philanthropists in Boston; their mills are run on "business" principles in South Carolina, and "business is business," you know.

It is to this that a commercialized conscience brings us. In the accursed idolatry of the dollar and under the cruel doctrine that there is no room for ethics and sentiment in business otherwise good men perjure themselves, sell their honor, force wages to the verge of starvation and sometimes over the brink, drive young women into lives of shame, destroy the public health by poisoned foods, and, when it can be done through the mediation of a superintendent or a corporation, poison the food of babies and slaughter the innocents in factories.

Well, what shall be done about it? What can you and I do? One thing we must do, and that is to waken to the fact that something needs doing. We must get out of our "fool's paradise of complacency." We must be deceived no longer by smoking chimneys and export statistics into thinking that things are all right in our country while such wrongs exist. We who are comfortable must have regard for the thousands who are not. We must see things as they are, not as we should like to have them. It is only the fool who shuts his eyes to the truth. No wrong was ever righted until they who hate wrong recognize it as a fact. We can help the labor unions here at home in their struggle for fair conditions and in their fight against child-labor in Cleveland. We can refuse to patronize dishonest and unfair firms. We can withhold our custom from the stores where girls are not paid money enough to preserve their virtue. We can pay *our* bills, and do *our* business on honor. We can make Conscience king over our own lives and give it absolute authority over all our affairs.

We need a new theory of life values. We must see that the best citizen is not necessarily the richest citizen, but is the one of stoutest integritv. We must see that character, not money, measures worth. We must accept the dictum of Jesus that life does not consist "in the abundance of the things" that one possesses, but in virtue, honor, kindness and nobility of soul. We must see that there is something better for a nation than expanding markets, increasing wealth, and enlarging material resources, that these may even bring disaster and ruin unless our citizenship is rooted and grounded in that righteousness that exalts both men and nations. The wondrous discoveries of science, the fabulous accumulations of industry and com-

merce cannot save us if we are wanting in moral integrity or lacking in loyalty to the high ideals that grow from an abiding faith in the God of Justice and Truth. Better is the man or the nation that is ignorant and poor but honest than the one learned and rich but without those qualities upon which both character and civilization must be builded.

But let us not despair. I sometimes fear that I should if I were not a Universalist who believes in the final triumph of good. God is not dead or sleeping. Perhaps through hardship and suffering and sorrow he is even now burning deeper into the mind and heart of America the law that "holiness and happiness are inseparably connected," that "righteousness alone is blessedness," that the people who set their face against the divine requirement of honesty and justice must be brought to judgment, that to ignore the great ethical and spiritual principles of the universe means ruin in the end. Since God is just we must be just or he will bring down our heads in shame. For every sin there must come repentance, remorse and tears. This applies to nations and to men.

REV. CARL T. HENRY.

Cleveland, Ohio.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

On the table is a book from Marlier & Co., of Boston; My New Curate—a story by the Rev. P. A. Sheehan of the Diocese of Cloyne. I have not read a more delightful book during the past year—with one exception, and that also is an Irish story. I had just finished reading with intense pleasure an old novel—old as things are nowadays, entitled "When We Were Boys"—the work of Wm. O'Brien, M. P. It was written in 1890, and published by Longmans, Green & Co. It had escaped my attention heretofore; I think the attention of the public generally. But if you wish to live for a while in close contact with the very heart of Old Ireland, and the best Celtic stock, get these two books. I can hardly speak too highly of them—in contrast with the infinite rubbish which is being poured out by the press, as novel literature. My New Curate describes an old fashioned priest, brought by the bishop into co-operation with a curate of the most modern type. But both of the characters are grand, noble and helpful. The pictures of Ireland and Irish character are exquisitively drawn; as they are also in "When We Were Boys." I can hardly name a book which is more inspiring morally and intellectually and spiritually than "My New Curate." I have seen in the Protestant ministry a few men like Father Dan, and I wish I could see more of them. I would willingly become a Catholic, if to be a Catholic was to be either a Father Dan or a Father Letheby. However, there is no need of changing religions; what one has to do is to get rid of religions and have love and honor; the more protest the better! I should say that the book would find its best place on the table of young ministers. Father Sheehan's talks are rich, strong, manly—but they do not believe in the higher criticism. They are faithful to sound Catholicity. Yet we can easily see that Catholicity grows; and has become essentially protestantism.

From the Open Court Publishing Co., the author, Paul Carus, sends me "Nirvana, a Story of Buddhist Pyschology." This book is one of the most charming little volumes that has come to me for many a month. You should get it and read it—then keep it within reach of your hand for future use. Dr. Carus is doing us splendid service in the way of comparative study of religion.

E. P. POWELL.

The Second Generation.*

How far has an author the right, artistically speaking, to make his readers miserable? We are not concerned now with the pensive and not altogether painful sympathy that we accord to the heroes of far-away and long ago; but with the uneasiness and disgust produced by too accurate delineations of our own untoward conditions; the sordid slime readily discernible in our immediate surroundings and easily made to seem blacker than it is by skillful shading.

It is rather a luxury to weep literary tears over Antigone or Hamlet; they being lifted as far above our perplexities as the Beanstalk country was above Jack's mother's garden. Moreover, everything in the minds of the few surpassing dramatists looms gigantic through the fog of years; and the sorrows and crimes of those colossal creatures are too unlike ours to touch us to the quick; but when our next door neighbor persists in taking photographs of the mean and seamy pieces of our political and social patchwork, and then proceed to present them in the guise of amusing fiction—why, the more exact the representation, the more we are inclined to shut the book in his face.

Yet as much good work has been done lately in this line by our younger western writers, we would not complain unreasonably, but only suggest that photography is not yet high art, and reiterate our conviction that novels, like music, are meant for delight, and not for mortification of the spirit.

For the character handling in THE SECOND GENERATION, we have nothing but praise. Old Wheeler, as the typical heavy, half-brutal, half cunning political boss of the period, seems to us a creation not far from masterly, and the two heroines are charming specimens of loyal, self-reliant American womanhood, perhaps a little too much alike in their nobility. Jerome Kent, the hero, preserves our sympathy even in view of his serious fall from grace; partly, probably, because his punishment is so severe, but also because his impressionable nature could hardly be expected to stand up against the combined influence of his dead father's command, Mr. Northrop's half-lunatic egging-on, and the unconscious, but fateful urgency of the woman he loved. Indeed, we might be led, under the spell of the story, to feel that man is after all but as a dry leaf driven by the wind of fate; but then we reflect that in imaginative writing, the character and his circumstances are dove-tailed into one another by the will of the author with malice prepense, and he consigns them to whatever fate his plan requires; whereas we, the free spectators of his play, go home to start again in our ever-recurring round of CHOICE, and are never really the sport of circumstances, favorable or unfavorable, unless we so elect.

C. S. K.

Grandsire and Grandson.

Pierpont! a name that stirs heroic blood;
Whether the poet dower of sacred fire
Resound the Mayflower music of his lyre,
And consecrate the ground where Warren stood;
Or wake again the high prophetic mood
Wherein the stern Reformer oft defied
Custom and Church; brave fighter on the side
Of civic righteousness and common good.

Service of man, the grandsire's daily food;
Bulwark of privilege, the grandson stands,—
And holds the future in his fateful hands;
The covetous clutch of power, with deep'ning hate,
Or open palm of broadening brotherhood,
While on the issue toiling millions wait.

H. H. BARBER.

Meadville, Pa., September 17, 1902.

*The Second Generation. By James Weber Linn. The Macmillan Co. London and New York. $1.50.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Series—A Study of Special Habits.

By W. L. SHELDON, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

Contents.—The Meaning of Habit.—Habit and Its Peculiarities.— Perseverance.—Self-Conceit.—Order.— Consideration for Others.—Being Lazy.—Deception.—Being Saving.—About Soldiers and Being Soldierly.—Chivalry.—Ambition.—Procrastination.—Habits of Play.—Self-Denial.—Being Brave.—Habit of Teasing.—Humility.—Pride.—Habit of Exaggeration.—Frugality.—Being Studious.—Habit of Swearing.—Borrowing.—Habits of Service.—Generosity and Stinginess.—Cheating.—Prejudices.—Respect for the Property of Others.—Conscientiousness.—Speaking the Truth.

CHAPTER I.

The Meaning of Habit.

PROVERBS OR VERSES.

"Habits if not resisted soon become necessities."—*St. Augustine.*

"Habit is second nature! Habit is ten times nature."—*Wellington.*

"Small habits well pursued betimes,
May reach the dignity of crimes."—*Hannah Moore.*

"Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas."

"How use doth breed a habit in a man!"—*Shakespeare.*

"Unless above himself he can erect himself, how poor a thing is man."—*Daniel.*

"Habit in sinning takes away the sense of sin."

"It is a thousand times easier to contract a new habit than to get rid of an old one."

"Custom does often reason overrule,
And only serves for reason to a fool.—*Rochester.*

"Custom makes all things easy."

"Tyrant Custom makes a slave of reason."

"Use can almost change the stamp of nature."—*Shakespeare.*

Dialogue.

What do we mean by habit? I suppose you know what habits are? Will you give me some idea of what the word suggests to you? "Why," you say, "it is doing something over and over again without thinking about it, just as if it were second nature."

Yes, that is all very true. But sometimes we do the same thing over and over again, and yet we may not call it a habit.

Did you ever watch a chicken just after it had come out of the shell? Did you notice that it pecks at something, as if it had done that a great many times? Yet, had the chicken ever done that before? "No," you admit, "that would have been impossible, because it had just come out of the shell."

Then, was it a habit? If not, What is it that makes the chicken do that? "O," you assert, "the chicken acts in that way by instinct."

So then, it is instinct, you tell me. That is a new word. And what is the difference between instinct and habit? This is quite an important distinction. Be careful now in your answer. "Instinct," you explain, "is something that is born in a creature. It begins without the use of the mind." Yes, you are right. It is a sort of a gift at the start.

Name over some of the instincts, for example. What about the birds? Do you fancy, for instance, that if a little bird had never seen a nest made, it would go ahead nevertheless, when it grew up, and make a nest all of its own?

What do you think? "O yes," you answer, "we are sure the bird would go ahead and make a nest just the same." I presume you are right. "Nest-making," then, is one of the beautiful instincts.

What about human beings? Do they have instincts? Is there anything that we do as something which is born in us, just as the chick pecks, or the bird goes about nest-making? "You doubt it," do you? "We act by reason and not by instinct," you insist.

Do not be too positive about that. Do you suppose that if a human creature had never been taught to eat, he would not put food in his mouth? I am quite certain he would, even if it had never been taught to him at all.

If a grain of dust falls against the eye, would you not wink, even if you had never learned how to do it? I am sure that the eye-lid would close all the same. Yes, we have instincts, just as the animals do.

And now another question. Which would have the greater number of instincts—the animal world, or human beings? "O," you reply, "human beings would have more instincts, if they have instincts at all."

And why, I ask. "Because," you assert, "we are superior in every way, and so should have more of those gifts than the animals."

"Wait a moment now. How was it you said a creature acts, when guided by instinct? "Without reason?" Yes, without using his mind. Then are you sure that human beings, because they are superior, would have more instincts and act oftener without reason? No, it is really the other way. There are more instincts among the animals and fewer among human beings.

Can you see why? "It may be," you add, "because we exercise reason more than the animals do." Yes, that is it. Hence we have less need for instincts, inasmuch as we can make more use of our minds.

And now as to habits. If they are not born in us like instincts, where do they come from? Do they just happen? Do they come like second teeth? Do they drop down on us from the skies? "O no," you assure me, "because if they came that way, they would be a kind of instinct." Yes, you are right.

Where, then, do our habits come from? "Why," you point out, "we get them ourselves or we make them for ourselves." Do you really mean that? If you do, stop and reflect how important it is.

Appreciate what it signifies, *that we form our own habits.* Then what if we have bad habits; who is to blame for it? "We, ourselves," you confess. Yes, I suspect we are, if we form them ourselves.

Suppose we talk a little more now about the different kinds of habits. Then we shall be able to discuss this question in a more positive way. Mention some of the habits we may form.

Begin with the body. Did you ever see a girl throw a stone? Does she always throw it the same way that a boy does? You are smiling at that, I notice. Well now, why not? How does it happen that boys may throw stones in one way with their arms, and girls another? Although of course in this matter there is great difference in girls.

Or suppose that a boy and girl are throwing a ball. Would they usually toss it in the same way? "No." And why not? Could not a girl learn how to throw a ball as well as a boy? I am strongly inclined to believe it. What is the difference?

"True," you continue, "but boys play ball a great deal and use their arms in throwing more, and so have a different habit of using the arm in throwing." Yes, and there comes in the word "habit." Did the boy definitely *think* just how to get his arm into a certain habit, so that it would throw the ball in a certain way? "No, it was not quite like that," you say. "He just kept on throwing the ball until the arm did it in a certain manner that came naturally."

Then what was it, that the boy really, consciously got, and what was it that came unconsciously? Would he ever have learned to throw a ball well, if he had not thought carefully how to do it? "No," you reply.

Do you assume, then, that he knew what he was doing in acquiring the habit of throwing the ball *well,* while the habit of *moving the arm in a certain manner,* came partly without his knowing it?

Please note that point very carefully, for it is very

important. Some of our habits we form while we are thinking about it, or purposely trying to form those habits, and other habits are formed accidentally, as it were, while we are not conscious of it.

Can you name, for instance, some habits that are formed so early in life, that we know very little about how they started?

Suppose you saw two persons with almost the same figure, walking in front of you along the street; perhaps they may be dressed just alike and look almost exactly like each other from behind. Would you know them apart? "Yes, you think you would." But how? In what way? "O," you tell me, "by their walk."

Yes, and how did they ever get that walk? Did they learn it consciously? Why is it that each person walks in a peculiar way, so that you can recognize him by this means. "As to that," you answer, "it is a kind of habit which he acquired while he was very young." Yes, I agree with you. And so you notice that there are some habits that we get very early in life. How we form them will depend a little on what others teach us.

Let me suggest to you another habit peculiar to each person. What if I had some money in a bank, and sent an order there for them to pay it to somebody else. Would the bank do it? "Yes," you reply, "if they were sure that they knew the other person, and if they were also sure the order came from you."

And how would they know the order came from me? Why could not somebody else write such an order in my place? "Yes," you exclaim, "but there would be the handwriting!"

Do you imply that each person has his own handwriting, a little unlike every other person's? "Yes," you insist, "each person has his own handwriting, and that is how the bank can know that the order came from the person who signed it."

Then what is that handwriting—a habit? True, it has been a habit we formed when quite young. Were we fully conscious when we were acquiring that habit? "No, not altogether," you say. Evidently it belongs to those habits which depend a little on how we were taught. Suppose we call these the *indirectly acquired habits.*

On the other hand, name over some of the habits of the body we acquire while we know that we are forming them. Did you ever watch two persons passing along, one of them holding his shoulders straight and his head erect, and the other slouching in an awkward sort of a way, his shoulders bent over and his head at a curious angle?

Did the habit of carrying himself with straight shoulders and head erect in a manly sort of way, come to one of those persons unconsciously, without his knowing it?

No, I can assure you that was a habit which the person had to *learn;* he had to be thinking about it a great deal and watching himself all the while.

But *now* when he carries himself in that way, do you suppose he thinks about it? "No," you admit. Well, why not? "Because," you answer, "it has now become a habit with him, and he does it without thinking."

How do such habits differ from those indirectly acquired? "We *know* we are getting them," you explain. Yes. We will call them *directly acquired habits.*

Note to the teacher: At this point, if desired, one could make a great deal of army discipline; telling how soldiers are trained; describing how many years men have to serve in the army over in Europe, in order to acquire the military habits, and why soldiers have to keep on doing the same thing over and over again in order to form those habits. The subject of military drill may splendidly illustrate the conscious acquisition of habits of the body, altho this will come in again in one of the later lessons.

Speaking about the indirectly acquired habits, you say that we know when we are forming the other kind, but are not usually conscious in the same way with these. Then do you assume that one may not be to blame for having any kind of indirectly acquired habits? "No," you insist, "one cannot be to blame in this case because one is not directly aware of what is going on."

Yes, it would seem as if you were right. But stop a moment. Perhaps what you say is true about those indirectly acquired habits we form when we are very young.

But there are others of this kind which we may be on the lookout for. Suppose a person falls into the habit of always hitting against things when he is moving about the house. Was he aware that he was forming this habit? "Not altogether," you answer.

But should he not have been on the lookout regarding it? Would you not blame him, after all, somewhat, for having that sort of a habit? "Yes, you think you would," you admit. Why, I ask. "O, because if he had been watchful, he might have seen that he was falling into that sort of a habit."

Then you would draw a line, would you not, between those indirectly acquired habits which we form when we are too young to know anything about them, and those we form later on, which might also come of themselves, and yet which we might control if we were on the lookout.

I wish you would remember that point, for it is very valuable. We may not always shirk the blame for a bad habit because we were not conscious of it when it was being formed. One should *try* to be conscious of it.

Points of the Lesson.

Count over now, the points we have learned about habits in this talk together.

In the first place, we described habit as "doing something we have done before, but doing it afterwards without thinking."

In the second place—about instincts, we have seen that instincts are inborn; but that habits are something we form or acquire for ourselves.

In the third place, we noted that we have fewer instincts and more habits, than animals; because we use reason more than they do.

In the fourth place, we have learned that some habits are for the most part acquired while we are not conscious of it at all. These we called "indirectly acquired habits," such as our walk or our handwriting.

In the fifth place, we discovered that we have other habits which we acquired only through close and watchful attention. These we called "directly acquired habits."

In the sixth place, we have seen that there are some of our indirectly acquired habits that we might control or avoid if we are on the lookout, although they seem to come partially of themselves.

Further Suggestions to the Teacher.

For illustration tell Huxley's story of the veteran who was walking with his plate of dinner when somebody called out "Attention," and the man dropped his plate and dinner and mechanically threw his hands to his side. It will be recognized that this and the following lesson are merely introductory to the special discussions which are to come afterwards. The material can be amplified at discretion and the young people be encouraged to give anecdotes from their own experience. But there should be a pretty thorough understanding as to the meaning of habit and its distinguishing characteristics before the special habits are considered. It will be observed that the proverbs or verses at the beginning apply to each of the two lessons indiscriminately. There might also be some treatment of the word "custom," raising the question how it is related to "habit" and to what extent it has an independent meaning. So, too, with the words "use" and "usage." Additional points for consideration will be sure to occur to every teacher as he goes on with the discussions and the class members begin to raise issues of themselves.

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—To the receptive soul the river of life pauseth not, nor is diminished.
MON.—No man is matriculated to the art of life till he has been well tempted.
TUES.—I would never choose to withdraw myself from the labor and common burden of the world.
WED.—The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be the best.
THURS.—The right word is always a power, and communicates its definiteness to our action.
FRI.—When gratitude has become a matter of reasoning, there are many ways of escaping from its bonds.
smother their mutual dislike.
SAT.—Where women learn to love each other, men learn to smother their mutual dislike.

GEORGE ELIOT.

Wishing.

Do you wish the world were better? Let me tell you what to do:
Set a watch upon your actions, keep them always straight and true,
Rid your mind of selfish motives, let your thought be clean and high;
You can make a little Eden of the sphere you occupy.

Do you wish the world were wiser? Well, suppose you make a start
By accumulating wisdom in the scrapbook of your heart.
Do not waste one page on folly; live to learn and learn to live,
If you want to give men knowledge you must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world were happy? Then remember day by day
Just to scatter seeds of kindness as you pass along the way;
For the pleasure of the many may be oft-times traced to one,
As the hand that plants the acorn shelters armies from the sun.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

How a Little Indian Girl Plays.

Lucy Hawk is a little Indian girl who lives on a reservation in Dakota. Her grandfather is the loved and honored chief of his tribe, and Lucy is his favorite grandchild. She is a sweet little girl with willing hands and feet ready to do the bidding of the teachers at the mission school where she lives for eight months of the year. She speaks English with a pretty accent, and steps about with a quaint dignity and grace that pleases the eye and gladdens the heart.

On cold or stormy days, after the school hours are over and household tasks are done, Lucy turns with a happy heart to the playroom, where she amuses herself by making moccasins for her funny babies, or making dresses for them from the bits of bright calico which perhaps some child in the far-away east put in the missionary barrel. When tired of the babies, she gets her pebble tops, of which she has a number hidden away in the pocket of her dress, tucked away in a corner of her pigeonhole in the row of boxes in the playroom, or buried safely under the steps. It is only a common pebble with smooth sides, and a little white child would never call it a top; but Lucy drops it with a little twirl of the fingers which sends it spinning away with a dizzy rush, and she follows it up with her whip, lashing it until she is tired and out of breath, the pebble whirling faster and faster the longer the lashing continues. Sometimes she pastes bits of bright paper to the sides, and then the spinning pebble seems to be covered with rings of color. It is a pretty play, and never loses its fascination for the little brown children.

When at her own home, Lucy goes coasting sometimes, and what do you think she has for a sled? You would never guess, so I will tell you. A big buffalo-skin is spread on the snow at the top of the terrace which divides the prairie from the river bottom. Lucy and her sisters find a nice warm seat on the soft fur, the child in front gathers the end over her feet and holds on tight and fast as those behind give a starting push, and away they go, down the steep slopes, and come to a quick stop at the foot, a screaming, laughing, squirming heap of touzled heads and twisted shawls.

Sometimes the boys slide these steep hills with a barrel-stave under each foot, and we have enjoyed watching their agile jumps and somersaults at the foot.

Like white children, the Indian boys and girls like to imitate their elders. In their play we see them unfolding their shawls to take the place of the Indian blanket, wrapping their babies and tying them in stiff bundles to be carried on their backs, as they visit or play at "issue day."

Again, they will set up their tent-poles in the yard, and use their shawls for covering the picturesque tepee. Then they play at building camp-fires, and cooking feasts for imaginary warriors and hunters.

Boys and girls alike are full of spirits and laughter-loving fun, and they are never tired of listening to stories about white children.—*The Outlook.*

Just a Pair of Shoes.

Three hundred thousand dollars is a large sum of money, and when that amount of money is paid for shoes all at one time it seems at first thought as if nobody would be barefoot for a long time. This money represented the purchase of shoes by a Western firm from a shoe manufacturer in the East. To make the number of shoes represented in this order required the sending of a large order for leather. As the order for shoes represented only a part of the work and material this shoe manufacturer would need, an order was sent for $1,000,000 worth of leather. If the leather that this amount of money would buy were shipped at one time it would have required a freight train of two hundred cars to carry it.

Now we see what business is. People wear shoes, and to supply the need butchers must kill the animals whose hides furnish the leather; tanners must dress and prepare the hides until they are leather; then the shoemakers must make the leather into shoes. Then there is the cattleman who buys and cares for the cattle; the man who provides the tanneries and pays the wages of the tanners; the man who buys the leather and sells it to the manufacturer, who must provide the building and machinery and pay the wages of the shoemakers, clerks and salesmen. After the manufacturer comes the wholesale dealer, who buys three hundred thousand dollars' worth of shoes, and who must in turn provide storage and pay clerks and salesmen to sell shoes by the dozen and by the hundred to the retail dealer, who sells the single pairs. And then you, to stub your little toes and trot the little soles off, in order to make all this business and pay the wages of hundreds of people. Even now we have not mentioned the shoe-peg man, nor the shoe-button nor shoe-lace men. Neither have we mentioned the boxmakers.

Dear, dear! how many people it takes to get a pair of shoes on your feet!

Every Day.

The morning hangs her blossoms out
Fresh every dawn;
Yesterday's blooms lived out their little hour
And then were gone.

So live today with patient, steadfast will
And loyal heart;
Then shall tomorrow find thee truer still
To bear thy part.

And if no morrow ever come to thee
Be thou content,
If but today has borne its very best
Before it went.

—*Selected.*

UNITY

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Theological "Black Spot" in Wales.

"*Yr Ymofynydd*" for August has some substantial reading. The article, "The Duty of Parents Toward the Sunday School," is worth reading. In the paper entitled "The Black Spot," W. James, B. A. and J. P. of Llandysul, tells the story of the establishment of Unitarianism in the southeast of Cardiganshire, and the efforts put forth occasionally to stamp it out, but in vain. "The devil is black," says the writer, facetiously, and ergo this part of the county is known as the "Black Spot" or the devil's own land. The Welsh are such Trinitarians that Unitarianism at one time seemed to be extreme blasphemy. Although the social life and morals of the people in this section of the community were as good as elsewhere, yet the region was reckoned as God-forsaken. It was the devil's headquarters, and many an attempt was made to attack this stronghold of Satan and take it by storm.

The founder of Welsh Unitarianism was Jenkin Jones, of Llwynrhydowen, upon whose mind when at college in 1725 the light of rationalism dawned. The Rev. Jenkin Jones, of Chicago, editor of UNITY, and a progressive thinker and preacher is a descendant. The Unitarians of Wales are proud of the founder of their movement among the Welsh, and they delight to compare him to Luther, and Llwynrhydowen to Wittenberg, and they have faith that this light will eventually spread.

The writer gives interesting sketches and anecdotes of the many attacks made upon this fortress of rationalism by Welsh preachers of note, such as Williams of Wern; John Jones, Talsarn; John Elias, Dr. Rees, etc., but in vain. Intellectually the "black spot" seems inconquerable.—*The Cambrian for September.*

Chicago.—Last Sunday evening at All Souls Church there was a special meeting of the American League for Civic Improvement. The league was caught, so to speak, in transit on its way home from the annual meeting held at St. Paul. Prof. Zeublin, late president of the association, presided. Dr. Ida C. Bender, of Buffalo; Mrs. W. E. D. Scott, of Princeton, N. Y.; Mr. E. C. Routzahn, of Dayton, Ohio, and the pastor made addresses. The league is to establish headquarters in Chicago and Mr. Routzahn is to be field secretary and give his time to the work. This is another indication that love is slowly learning the secrets of combination and that ultimately its combinations will outreach and undo the combinations of greed and hate.

HUMBOLDT, IOWA.—E. Santon Hodgin, pastor of Unity Church, of this place, opens the season with a friendly circular letter to his parish in which he enumerates the various activities of this church. Among other announcements appear the following invitations, which offer timely and suggestive hints to other pastors and peoples:

If you have children bring them up in the habit of Sunday school attendance. The child is not always able to choose for himself. He needs your gentle insistence. Through the cultivation of love for nature and a love for each other the children learn to see God in a universe of life. Bring your children and encourage them by remaining yourself. Join the adult class in which the religious and ethical questions of the day are discussed with perfect freedom and candor, and with much profit.

If you are interested in bible study and wish to become better acquainted with the contents of the bible, join our bible study class which will meet one week day afternoon of each week.

A confirmation class for the young people under twenty-one years of age will be organized about November first for simple instruction in the fundamentals of practical religion. You are asked to help interest the young people in this important york.

Chicago, Ill.

MICHIGAN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

The twenty-seventh annual meeting of the Michigan Conference of Unitarian and other Christian Churches will be held at Ann Arbor, Thursday and Friday, October, 23-24, 1902. An interesting program is in preparation. The hospitality of the church is cordially extended to delegates from neighboring churches. Rev. Charles E. St. John will preach the conference sermon on Thursday evening.

J. H. CROOKER, President. WM. FORKELL, Secretary.

CONGRESS OF RELIGION RECEIPTS SINCE JUNE 1, 1902.

Balance on hand June 1	$ 57.83
Rev. W. L. Sheldon, St. Louis, Mo.	5.00
M. S. Jaffe, Sacramento, Cal.	5.00
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Mrs. Henry L. Frank, Chicago.	5.00
Unity Church, Hartford, Conn.	75.00
Illinois Granger	100.00
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Adolph Nathan, Chicago.	5.00
Total	$543.83

LECTURES BY MR. G. H. PERRIS, OF LONDON.

Mr. G. H. Perris, the editor of *Concord*, the organ of the International Arbitration and Peace Association of England, and author of "The History of the Hague Conference," "Empire, Trade and Armaments," "Leo Tolstoi," "The War in South Africa," etc., will arrive in America early in October, and spend three months here, lecturing upon subjects relating to the promotion of peace and international fraternity. He comes at the desire of American workers in the cause; and it is hoped that the friends of peace throughout the country will interest themselves in arranging for lectures by him in our cities and large towns under the best auspices. Address, for dates and terms, the Twentieth Century Club, 2 Ashburton Place, or the American Peace Society, 31 Beacon Street, Boston; or the Editor of UNITY, Chicago. Among Mr. Perris' lectures are the following:

"The History of the Peace Movement in England," "The Relations of England and America," "The History and Results of the Hague Conference," "De Bloch's Theory of the Warfare of the Future," "The South African War—its Cause, Conduct and Consequences." "The Stale-Mate of Militarism," "Does Trade Follow the Flag?" "The Political and Economic Outlook in England," "The Coming Revolution in Russia," "The Life and Teaching of Tolstoi," "The Jingo's Pedigree, or Imperialism in History." "Imperialism and Democracy."

Referring to Mr. Perris's coming, in an address at the recent Mohawk conference, Edwin D. Mead said:

"Why are we spending our thousands and millions upon our arsenals and forts and gunboats and great engines of destruction? It is because we have not spent our hundreds and thousands with a decent generosity upon the spread among the people of such ideas as would make the wars which we lament impossible. Money has got to be spent for these things. The literature of the peace movement must be made cheap and available, and put into the hands of the clergymen of the country, into the newspaper offices, the public libraries, and every place where public opinion is formed. We must have not only fuller newspaper attention, but lectures and all those agencies which every cause that is making an impression upon the public employs. I am glad that our friend, Mr. Perris, the editor of 'Concord,' the English journal of peace and internationalism, is coming over to America presently to lecture. See to it, friends, that good hearings are provided for him in

all your cities. I hope that more and more such men will come to our country on such errands, and that we can send our own best men to Europe, by such interchange bringing international thought into free communication and influence all over the world."

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR UNITY.—The recent disgraceful remark by Pres. Baer calls to mind a quotation from a page of Archbishop Trench, which he wrote in 1851:

"An employer of labor advertises that he wants so many 'hands'; but this language never could have become current, a man could never have thus shrunk into a 'hand' in the eyes of his fellowman, unless this latter had in good part forgotten that annexed to those hands which he would purchase to toil for him, were also heads and hearts—a fact, by the way, of which, if he persists in forgetting it, he may be reminded in very unwelcome ways at the last. In Scripture there is another not unfrequent putting of a part for the whole, as when it is said: 'The same day there were added unto them about three thousand *souls*.' 'Hands' here, 'souls' there—the contrast may suggest some profitable reflections."

Doubtless one could find numerous such words of caution from wise and experienced men, if pains were taken to look for them. JOSEPH BINGHAM.

NEW USE FOR REFINED PARAFFINE WAX.

A new and important use for refined paraffine wax seems to have been discovered by a prominent resident in Ohio, living near Lancaster, who had two trees badly damaged by storm, one being a maple and the other an apple. In each case a large limb was broken down from the trunk, but still attached to it. The limbs were propped up and fastened securely with straps, very much as a broken leg might be fastened with splints, and then melted and refined wax poured into and over all the cracks. The "surgical operation" was entirely successful. The paraffine prevented the escape of the sap, kept out the rain and moisture which would have rotted the trees, prevented the depredations of insects, and the limbs seem thus far to be perfectly reattached to the trees.

THREE VISITS TO R. W. EMERSON.

the seer of Concord, compiled for use at Memorial Services and Devotional Exercises, by Axel Lundeberg. Sent postpaid on receipt of 25 cents. Address Rev. A. Lundeberg, 124 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. This pamphlet is No. 1 of a Devotional Series intended to fill a "vacuum" in Unitarian Literature, which will be more deeply felt as the antiquated forms of religious worship are outgrown and Liberal Societies stretch out for something new. It is the only one of its kind and will prove useful and serviceable to all whose souls are thirsting for spiritual companionship of a high order. No Liberal can afford to be without it.

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I'll be with you when Roses Bloom Again. * Cupids Garden. * Day by Day.

Frocks and Frills—a catchy two-step—A New York Hit.

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For Old Times Sake. * My Old New Hampshire Home. * Song that reached my heart.

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Blaze Away two-step. * Smoky Mokes March. * Hunky Dory.

Birth of Love Waltzes—Newest New York Craze.

The Shadows of the Pines. * Bashful Betsy Brown. * Wait.

Foxy Grandpa two-step—As great as the play.

Go way back and sit down. * My Sambo. * When I think of you.

I cannot love you more—a beautiful ballad.

When You Were Sweet Sixteen. * Violets by Roma. * Way down yonder in cornfield.

I Forgive You—another great song—You want it.

She Rests by the Suwanee River. * Side by Side. * Good by Dolly Gray.

Polly Pry—a dainty up-to-date Song.

Sunbeams and Shadows—intermezzo. * Jennie Lee. * Hearts and Flowers.

If you love your baby make Goo-goo eyes—great comic song.

Tickled to Death. * Bird in a Gilded Cage. * My Rosary.

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